

AN: We're at the third episode of everyone's favourite Friday night comedy! It seems to be going well so far. Will TPYMK, Dan and Greg get into more mishaps? You bet your cheese they will!

Cheese

Chase

Scene One – Apartment

(TPYMK, Dan and Greg are sat at the kitchen table. The three of them look incredibly miserable.)

TPYMK: It's so boring...

DAN: This isn't fair. A royal prince like me doesn't *deserve* to be bored. I could be doing many other things, like—

TPYMK: Making a complete fool of yourself like you usually do?

DAN: Yeah! I mean, no!

(Greg sips from a bottle of beer. He looks close to tears.)

GREG: You two don't know anything about boredom. The worst possible thing has happened to me today!

TPYMK: What?

(Greg sniffles.)

GREG: I've just realised I only have seventy-six bottles of Budweiser left. That'll barely see me through the afternoon.

(He wipes his eyes with the bottle.)

DAN: I'm sorry, Greg.

GREG: I'll just drink to forget the pain.

(TPYMK shoots him a confused look.)

TPYMK: But you just— Oh, forget it. It doesn't matter.

DAN: What *does* matter is the fact that we have nothing to do.

Not to mention we also have to pay the bills for this month. We still don't have any money.

TPYMK: We're just not cut out for having jobs. Slave labour isn't suited to my tastes. I am a highly successful author, after all!

DAN: You wrote sixty-five stories that no one read. You only ever had one review – and even then it was a flame.

TPYMK: They're just jealous of me. They refuse to appreciate my genius. One day, I will write the bestselling book of all time!

GREG: Yeah – in your dreams.

TPYMK: Don't you dare use language like that in my house, young man!

GREG: What? *English?*

TPYMK: Dan, pass me the fork.

(Dan hands TPYMK a fork.)

Merry Christmas, Greg.

(He slams the fork into the top of Greg's head.)

GREG: God, I've got this terrible headache all of a sudden.

DAN: Guys! You'll never guess what I've found!

TPYMK: Dan, I'm not interested in the things you find when you pick your nose. You really should stop—

DAN: No – I mean in the newspaper.

(Dan points to the newspaper he's reading.)

TPYMK: Oh. Well, what is it?

GREG: Most likely something that will result in a contrived sitcom plot that nobody will ever find funny.

DAN: Wow – you're right! Here – listen to this.

(Dan reads from the newspaper.)

"Attention, all worthless pieces of filth! Up for an exciting challenge? Want to exercise that fat ugly body of yours? Excited at the prospect of winning one thousand dollars? Then take part in *Interceptor*: the latest game show, fresh from the minds of several monkeys locked in a room with a typewriter. Call 1800 YOU-WILL-SURELY-DIE for more details."

(Dan stares at TPYMK and Greg's excited faces.)

TPYMK: One thousand dollars!

DAN: An exciting challenge!

GREG: *Monkeys!*

TPYMK: We have to sign up for this. We'll get to be on TV! It'll provide some excellent exposure for undiscovered writers like me.

GREG: What the hell do you even have to do in this *Interceptor* thing?

TPYMK: I guess you... intercept stuff.

GREG: Well, if it's intercepting drinks at the bar, then I'm *definitely* gonna win!

TPYMK: I'll call the number now. This is going to be great!

DAN: Either that or we'll fail miserably.

TPYMK: Don't be ridiculous, Dan. What could possibly go wrong?

(TPYMK hurries off.)

Scene Two – Field

(TPYMK and Dan are stood in the middle of a flowery field, wearing two backpacks and some radio headsets. They're looking rather impatient.)

DAN: I wish they'd hurry up.

TPYMK: Well, we haven't been waiting that long. Only about six hours.

DAN: This is supposed to be a quick and exciting game show! Why does it take so long for the host to arrive?

TPYMK: You know what these celebrities are like. They make everyone else wait while they spend nine hours doing their make-up.

DAN: They never *gave* us any make-up.

TPYMK: Well, they tried – but the mirrors kept smashing. I must be too beautiful for them to handle.

DAN: I don't know where Greg is, either.

TPYMK: Not that it matters. The rules said only two contestants can take part in the show. The production team must be handcuffing him to a telephone post or something.

DAN: I see. Well, as long as this gets my royal blood pumping, I'm happy. My public need to see me taking an active role in the exercising community.

TPYMK: Let's just hope we can win. I don't even know what we have to do, other than wear these backpacks.

DAN: Me neither. It's very secretive.

TPYMK: Yeah – from a company called Very Secret Productions, you think they'd be a lot more open with us.

(TPYMK notices something in the distance.)

Hey – I think I see someone. They're coming up the hill.

DAN: At last!

(The person waves at TPYMK and Dan. It's Greg.)

GREG: Hey, guys!

TPYMK: Oh, my God.

DAN: What's he doing here?

(Greg hurries over to them.)

GREG: So, ready for a bit of game show fun and excessive drinking, guys?

TPYMK: Not at all! Get out of here, Greg! You're going to upset the host when she gets here!

(Greg looks aside, awkwardly scratching the back of his neck.)

GREG: Yeah... about that...

(TPYMK frowns.)

TPYMK: Greg – what have you done?

GREG: Well, I'm afraid that Annabel Croft won't be joining us for the duration of this episode. Well, for the duration of her *life*, actually.

(Greg chuckles, holding up his hands. They're smothered with blood. He quickly hides them behind his back.)

TPYMK: What exactly are you trying to say?

DAN: Yes! Answer us, you putrid peasant!

GREG: In her absence, Annabel has handed over presenting duties to me.

TPYMK: Greg, you can't host a game show! I think it's a commandment in the Old Testament or something.

GREG: But I've always wanted to host a game show!

DAN: You did before. Remember? You rigged *Deal or No Deal* so all the boxes were fitted with high explosives.

TPYMK: It took us ages to break you out of that prison...

GREG: It won't be that bad this time. Honest! Besides, I've had

only two hundred and thirty-six pints today – I'm practically sober!

TPYMK: I bet you don't even know the rules!

GREG: Of course I do!

TPYMK: Have you even watched an episode of this show before?

GREG: I saw the end credits of one episode – I think I got the gist of it.

TPYMK: Very well.

(TPYMK gestures to the camera.)

Then present the show.

GREG: All right – I will!

(Greg stumbles in front of the two, speaking to the camera.)

Hello! Welcome to another awful episode of *Interceptor*. I'm your host: Greg Greg!

DAN: Greg Greg?

TPYMK: I think his parents were as alcoholic as he was.

GREG: And today we're in the lovely city of... Err, I don't know – somewhere on earth. Anyway, I'm here with two loser contestants: ThatPersonYouMightKnow and Dan. How do you feel about this, guys?

TPYMK: Well—

GREG: Great. So, let's get on with explaining the rules. Now, you see those backpacks you guys are wearing?

TPYMK: Yes.

GREG: Good – 'cause I can't. Anyway, one of those backpacks is filled with one thousand Great British dollars.

(Dan narrows his eyes in confusion.)

The other is filled with nothing. You two are gonna be thrown right into the middle of nowhere, two miles apart from each other. You just have to meet up within 2400 seconds, and the money is yours!

DAN: Well, that sounds quite easy.

GREG: Yeah – but it's not. You see, you're not gonna be alone. A mad, violent criminal called the Interceptor will be after you – determined to zap those backpacks and lock them for ever. Oh, and he'll crush your skulls if you lose, too. I probably should've mentioned that.

TPYMK: You explained that rather well, Greg!

GREG: Did I? I'm just making most of this stuff up – I can't even see right now!

TPYMK: Then how on earth are you supposed to help us meet up?

GREG: I'll figure something out.

DAN: So when does the helicopter come to take us away?

GREG: Well, there is no helicopter. We can only afford just the one.

TPYMK: Then what are we supposed to do?

GREG: I said you would be thrown right into the middle of nowhere – and that's exactly what I'm gonna do!

TPYMK: Eh?

(Greg grabs TPYMK and Dan, before throwing them high into the air. They disappear through the clouds, in opposite directions.)

GREG: There we go! I'd better get that map...

(He trudges off.)

Scene Three – Riverside

(TPYMK screams as he crashes into the ground, landing right by the side of a river.)

Scene Four – Forest

(Dan wails as he slams right into a tree trunk in the middle of a forest.)

Scene Five – Riverside

(TPYMK stands up, dusting himself down.)

TPYMK: Damn it, Greg! I really hate you!

Scene Six – Clifftop

(Greg is stood at a table by a clifftop, on which a large map of the area is placed.)

GREG: Thanks! Now, where the hell are you?

Scene Seven - Riverside

(TPYMK frowns.)

TPYMK: How should I know? You're supposed to help me!

GREG: You must be *somewhere* on this map.

TPYMK: *Where?*

GREG: I don't know! You figure it out!

TPYMK: Greg, don't make me hurt you.

GREG: Understood. Well, are you by a river?

TPYMK: Yes! Yes, I am!

(Greg gasps.)

GREG: Then that means that... you're by a river!

TPYMK: Well, I can see that! Where do I go now?

GREG: Keep walking straight ahead. I have to find out where Dan is.

Scene Eight – Forest

DAN: I'm stuck in a tree!

GREG: Stuck in a tree?

DAN: Yeah – thanks to you throwing me!

GREG: Well, I pride myself on my throwing skills. Just gently climb down and I'm sure you'll be fine.

(Dan grabs hold of a tree branch, only for it to instantly snap. He plummets downwards, smashing into the ground.)

DAN: Ow.

GREG: I'm guessing you must be in a forest. Keep walking straight ahead, Dan, and you'll soon reach ThatPersonYouMightKnow.

DAN: Got it.

(Dan walks off down a path.)

Scene Nine – Riverside

TPYMK: Greg!

GREG: What?

TPYMK: I can hear a helicopter!

GREG: So?

TPYMK: What do you mean, 'so'? The Interceptor is coming!

GREG: What does that have to do with anything?

TPYMK: He's gonna kill me!

GREG: Well, it sucks to be you, then, doesn't it?

TPYMK: You're useless!

GREG: No, I'm not! I have many useful talents – like being able to drink four bottles of Budweiser all at the same time!

TPYMK: Oh, shut up.

(TPYMK looks to the sky, as a helicopter zooms overhead. He hears a loud eagle-like screech.)

INTERCEPTOR: *I like it!*

TPYMK: Oh, no. He's here! He's here!

(TPYMK tries to run away, only to walk right into a tree. He falls onto his back.)

GREG: Has he killed you yet?

TPYMK: No!

(TPYMK scrambles to his feet, hearing a few zapping noises going off from above. The Interceptor is obviously firing at him.)

Do you *want* me to die, Greg?

GREG: Not at all. Are you suggesting that this is all some elaborate ploy to get rid of you two so I can spend the rest of my life drinking?

TPYMK: Yes.

GREG: Oh. Well, you're right, then.

TPYMK: Greg, how could you do this to us?

GREG: Easily.

TPYMK: You little—

(TPYMK cuts himself off, as he sees that the helicopter is landing on the ground a few feet away from him.)

Oh, great. He's landing.

DAN: ThatPersonYouMightKnow, can you hear me?

TPYMK: Yes, Dan, I can hear you. Jesus – the last person I speak to before I die is you. How sad.

DAN: I can see you!

TPYMK: What?

DAN: Look to your left. I can see you!

(TPYMK does just that. He spots Dan exiting the forest, which the river runs right through. It's barely two metres away!)

TPYMK: What are you doing here?

(Dan hurries over to him.)

DAN: Wow – that was quick. I thought it'd take me ages to find you.

TPYMK: Greg, you said that we would be two miles apart from each other!

GREG: Did I say two miles? Oh, sorry – I meant two metres. I get my measurements mixed up quite often. Still, it doesn't matter – now you can die together!

(Dan points at the landing helicopter.)

DAN: Is that the Interceptor!

TPYMK: No – it's a chocolate cake. Of course it's the Interceptor, you idiot!

(TPYMK punches Dan in the face.)

We're going to die out here because of you!

DAN: But I haven't done anything!

TPYMK: I wouldn't be surprised if you were in on this with Greg!

DAN: Why would such an attractive and handsome royal prince put himself at risk when his servants can do it instead?

TPYMK: Oh, just shut up!

(The helicopter door slides open. The Interceptor steps out. He's already aiming his wrist-mounted zapper at them.)

INTERCEPTOR: I've got you now, you little rabbits!

TPYMK: Rabbits? Do I *look* like I have long ears and a carrot sticking out of my mouth?

DAN: Well—

INTERCEPTOR: You sausages are mine!

TPYMK: Now that's a more apt description.

INTERCEPTOR: There's no use running! No one can escape the Interceptor! *I like it!*

(He fires off a few more blasts with his zapper. TPYMK and Dan back away in fear, only to be stopped by the edge of the river.)

TPYMK: We're trapped! I *don't* like it!

DAN: Neither do I! This is it! Death by Interceptor!

TPYMK: Greg! Please! Find it in your heart to help us!

GREG: *What* heart?

TPYMK: I still hate you!

(Greg chuckles.)

GREG: I know!

(The Interceptor is now stood right in front of TPYMK and Dan, brandishing his zapper.)

INTERCEPTOR: Any last words before I fry you sausages?

TPYMK: Yes. Verisimilitude, banana and polycarbonate.

DAN: Why are those your last words?

TPYMK: I've never had the chance to use them in a sentence

before. I thought I might as well now.

DAN: You've lost your mind!

TPYMK: I know – I think I left it back at the apartment.

INTERCEPTOR: Enough of this sausage-y flimflam! It's time to be zapped!

DAN: As long as we don't turn around, he can't zap the packs.

TPYMK: Yes! Maybe we can save ourselves after all!

(The Interceptor presses a button on his zapper.)

INTERCEPTOR: I'll just set it to kill.

DAN: Oops.

TPYMK: This is it! We're done for!

DAN: It would appear so. Any last regrets?

TPYMK: Only that I didn't go to the toilet before the show began. What about you?

DAN: Nah – I went just after it started.

(A laser blast streaks past the two. They dive for the ground.)

TPYMK: *Wah!*

DAN: I wish I'd never signed up for this! It's awfully dangerous!

TPYMK: Well, this is the 30s, after all, Dan.

(The Interceptor heads straight for Dan, grabbing him by the neck and holding him over the edge of the river.)

DAN: No! Not water! That's my one weakness!

(Greg's voice crackles over the radio.)

GREG: Water? Ooh – that's a nasty one. It's certainly *my* worst nightmare!

INTERCEPTOR: You're dead, pal.

(Dan starts to scream and cry like a little girl.)

What are you wailing for, ya sausage?

TPYMK: Unhand him at once, Interceptor! Why do you have to be so... Interceptor-y?

DAN: Please! Spare me! I never even got the chance to try on my princess dress!

INTERCEPTOR: Too bad.

(The Interceptor's grip on Dan's neck loosens.)

TPYMK: Get away from him!

(TPYMK launches himself at the Interceptor. The two tumble across the ground. Dan clings to the edge of the river.)

I'll show *you* a sausage!

(TPYMK repeatedly punches the Interceptor in the face – for about one minute straight. *Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!*)

DAN: Yeah! You show him who's boss, ThatPersonYouMightKnow!

(Dan clambers to dry land, safe from the river.

TPYMK finally stops punching the Interceptor. He doesn't seem affected in the slightest.)

INTERCEPTOR: My turn.

(The Interceptor delivers a single punch to TPYMK. He flies up into the air, landing right on top of Dan.)

TPYMK: I'm okay, Dan! Dan broke my fall... Oh, wait.

(Dan groans, crushed by the weight of TPYMK.)

DAN: Please... get off me...

TPYMK: Sure thing, Dan!

(TPYMK gets up, stepping on Dan's head as he does so. *Crack!*)

Well, Mr Interceptor, it's gonna take a lot more than a punch to stop me!

(The Interceptor is aiming his zapper at him again.)

INTERCEPTOR: There's nothing you can do, ya sausage. It's the end for you!

TPYMK: No, it's not – we're only three episodes into this show.

INTERCEPTOR: Shut up!

(The Interceptor prepares to fire his zapper.)

I like it!

(The Interceptor screeches, shooting a laser blast at TPYMK.

TPYMK jumps out of the way, however. The blast strikes something else instead.

The helicopter.)

Oh, sausages.

(The helicopter explodes, engulfing the Interceptor in a massive ball of flame!

TPYMK lies a few feet away, covered in cuts and bruises.)

TPYMK: Yes! *I like it!*

One Hour Later...

Scene Ten – Clifftop

(Greg is busy eating the map. He licks his fingers.)

GREG: Mmm – tasty!

(He spots TPYMK and Dan walking up to him. Both of them look bruised and battered.)

Hi, guys! How was your day?

(TPYMK holds out a hand.)

TPYMK: Gives us the keys.

(Greg narrows his eyes.)

GREG: Keys? What keys?

TPYMK: For the backpacks. We want our money.

DAN: Yeah.

(Greg chuckles nervously.)

GREG: Well... here's the funny bit: there aren't any keys. Those backpacks weren't even filled with anything. There is no money at all! I just wanted to get rid of you two in the quickest way possible! And I almost did it, too.

(He thumps his fist down on the table.)

Damn! Still – at least we can laugh about it now, eh? A few hundred cans of beer will soon make us forget!

(TPYMK and Dan look at each other.)

TPYMK: Ready?

DAN: Ready.

GREG: Ready for what?

(TPYMK and Dan lunge forward and push Greg off the cliff.)

The End

AN: Damn it, Greg! Rigging game shows just to kill me and Dan! How could you? Anyway, I had a lot of fun with this episode. Especially since the Interceptor was there. *I like it!* Let's just hope you guys do, too!